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Sunday, Nov. 21, 1937

Weird Dangers In Visiting Other Worlds

Prof. Rudaux Explains the Uncertain Perils
That Must Be Faced by Travelers Who
Seek to Explore the Planets When
Science Invents a Vehicle For
Such a Voyage



A Man Attempting to Explore Venus Would Risk Meeting a Tragic End in This Burning Atmosphere. His Strength Would Be Exhausted Quickly and He Might Be Prevented from Reaching His Rocket Airship in Time to Save His Life. Even When Near This Refuge, He Might Be Lost Because He Would Not Be Able to Remove His Helmet and Call for Help.

By PROF. LUCIEN RUDAUX,
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of
Dobsonville Observatory, France.

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

TO travel from this world to others will call for a crew of numerous dare-devils, ready to face the most hair-raising perils that can be imagined and without doubt, many more which even astronomers cannot foresee. But that is no problem because there are already plenty of such men, and science has never to find a spontaneous death, such as human nature before and perhaps "a touch on the nose." All that is needed is a machine sufficiently powerful to take them lightly, to leave before they die, and they will fight for the prize.

When such a ship will be available, without doubt, but in theory it is possible on the most principle. Many problems still stand in the way but perhaps no more than those between the heavy, bulky and unreliable internal combustion engine of 50 years ago and the lightweight internal combustion engine.

Assuming that a practical space ship has been perfected, none of the present-day engineers will get a rest because the crew will be young scientific, perfect physical specimens, specially trained. Besides power enough for the round trip, some method of generating the speed of the start as the ship will not kill the passengers must be worked out and also a way of putting on the brakes as the ship will land gently on the other world.

One planet that has recently been found to contain largely ammonia. A ship strong and light enough to preserve its previous air through the vacuum of interplanetary space should easily pass out Jupiter's deadly breath to be able to land on the surface where the landing should cause a leak, and the crew might as well explore in diving suits, except for one thing. Jupiter's surface seems to be about the consistency of cold molasses in which ship and passengers would be stuck like flies on sticky flypaper.

There are only two of many death traps on Jupiter which the astronomer can see from here and he has no doubt that there are lots more of which he is ignorant. Mars, our nearest neighbor, on the side away from the sun. His atmosphere, though thin, is apparently such like our own.

At a recent congress of scientists a speaker prophesied that such the human race would be establishing itself in new lands in the sky. A self-sustaining colony advent, it seemed possible in our present state of advancement on any planet the astronomer knows any-thing about, with the possible exception of Mars.

When every contingency that scientific imagination can foresee has been guarded against, the first inter-

planetary liner will set sail and flames, smoke and a great roar of exploding fuel. That is what it will be straight up because the rocket acceleration necessary for this would knock the ship to a distance of 100 feet in 10 seconds if it did not kill everyone on board. Instead of still more likely shot on a slight incline, shooting first into the air at a not very steep angle.

As the ship gets higher and the air thinner the climb will be steeper and faster but not until he has passed the upper reaches of the atmosphere will the fuel-dense turn on full speed. Should he do this too soon friction of the air would limit the speed of the ship, converting it to a flaming meteor. Once beyond the last signs of the air, he would lay his course, not at the planet to be visited, but ahead of it, like a spacecraft shooting at a duck, and speed it up to at least seven miles a second.

At a certain spot in empty space he will pass through what mathematicians call "the critical point." Once past that at a rate of seven miles per second or better, he can shut off all his power and coast at that speed forever, unless he hits something or one of the great heavenly bodies gets near enough to reach out the invisible arm of gravity and pull him to itself. Any vehicle that humanity has ridden before, when it coasts, quickly comes to a stop from friction of air, road or water but in the vacuum between the worlds there is nothing to slow up a moving body.

Still coasting at seven miles a second, it is estimated that an other ship would reach the moon in 45 hours and 15 minutes. Mars in 90 days and 15 hours. Venus 16 days and 20 hours. If there is enough fuel to be extravagant, the ship might speed up to 10 miles per second and reach the Moon in three hours, 15 minutes by accelerating to 430 miles a second he would get to Venus in 35 hours and by boosting the speed to 500 miles to the second he should make Mars in 45 hours and 50 minutes.

The moon, though handy and non-poisonous, has no atmosphere. Venus is next nearest and has air but it seems to be largely carbon dioxide, perhaps with some quantity also of carbon monoxide, the poisonous gas that comes from automobile exhausts, so presumably



If the Human Explorers Reached Jupiter They Would Be Obligated to Remain Shut Up in Their Vehicle. If the Inside Atmosphere, Which Is Loaded With Ammonia, Leaked Through an Accidental Opening, They Would Be Suffocated. Their Eyes and Throats Would Be Burnt and Their Struggles Would Be All the More Painful on Account of the Force of Gravity Which Is So Much Greater Than on Earth.

he would shoot his ship for the red planet Mars. Unless the high cost of any sailing force the explorers to take extra precautions, no doubt there will be one or two sounding expeditions first.

The first scout ship would circumnavigate the strange planet, just off the edge of its atmosphere, the crew staring down through its windows and taking photographs. Telescopes reveal no evidence of oceans, lakes or rivers on Mars but there are signs of mountains along the poles and of vegetation, especially along the "canals." At such close range the scouts would easily determine if there is vegetation and if so there should be animal life to balance things. Their next job would be to make a brief landing, not for anyone to get out but by means of instruments designed for the purpose, to snatch samples of air, soil and water, some vegetation and possibly one or two of the smaller and slower forms of life.

Having flown back with this plunder, everything would be analyzed. If the air proved breathable and the water drinkable, the chances of colonization would be bright.

On the next trip we may expect some of the crew would get out of the ship and bring back as many kinds of living plants and animals as they could round up but, fearing the unknown, they would probably wear diving suits and breathe imported air from their home planet. Also on returning they would land their cargo at a laboratory on some desert island where they would



If the Daring Explorers Should Succeed in Reaching Venus, They Would Need to Fly Over the Planet With Their Rocket Acting as a Breeze in Order to Learn Something About It. Under These Conditions It Is Not Likely They Would Be Able to Perceive Through the Cloudy Atmosphere All the Possibilities of This Planet, or to Learn If There Was Any Life There.

remain in quarantine until it was certain that they had not brought some poisonous gas which might help out the human race before anyone had any idea of how to grapple with it.

If long continued tests showed that all the animals and plants seemed to be harmless to man and that their species did not attack him accidentally as those of the planet of certain earth plants, which may have been in those who are sensitive. The first space settlement would be ready to go. These would make a real test of living under Martian conditions, breathing the new air and working around with hands and face exposed.

The next ship would find them all dead, with a note to beware of a thing like a pumpkin. The planet, in a momentary along only passes a slight tremor in man people because the human race for millions of years has become immune to it. But a single fall of a Martian animal and a Martian mountain might kill a man. If several ships should one day discover the planet would have to be abandoned for years perhaps centuries until science could solve the mystery and guard against the danger.

There is no reason to think large animals like Mars but they would be no great problem for scientists. A major problem would be whether earth creatures could be made to grow on Mars or if man could take to native Martian food. In all probability terrestrial animals, if they could endure other conditions, would eat Martian vegetation, though it might have to be put through some sort of process before they would know it is food.

Unless one looks millions of years into the future, when perhaps the sun will have cooled down considerably, nobody will attempt to visit Mercury, because it is so close to the sun that everyone on board would be thoroughly roasted long before reaching that destination. Between Mercury and the earth comes Venus, beautiful, mysterious, tempting and deadly. Her climate is also hot but not too hot for man to take a chance. Her surface appears to be solid cooling and her size and weight would make walking on it easy and natural to man and it has an atmosphere.

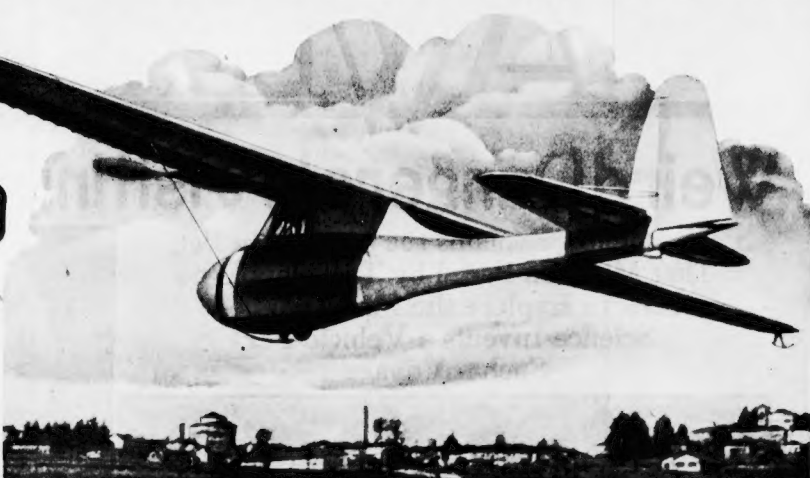
Recently it has been discovered that instead of this being like terrestrial air it is mostly carbon dioxide with not much oxygen or water vapor. Though a little of this getting into the inside of the ship would not be as serious as a whiff of Jupiter's ammonia, it is nevertheless, poison gas as far as any earthly being is concerned. It might, however, support a growth of vegetation even more luxuriant than that of the earth's carboniferous age. Many scientists would think risking their lives a cheap price to pay for the possibility of inspecting such a thing and nobody knows what else they might stumble onto. Instead of stone they

(Continued on Page 35)

A Plane You Can Work With Your Feet



The Principle for the Power Plant of the Plane You Can Work With Your Feet Was Worked Out on This Simple Set-Up in a Laboratory Before Being Installed in the Plane.



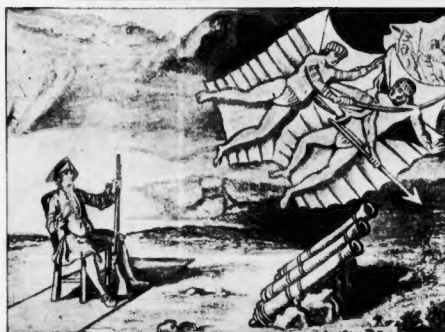
The Greatest Bicycle Plane in Full Flight at Milan, Italy. The Only Motive Power for the Ship Is the Legs of the Pilot Peddling a Simple Chain Device That Turns the Propeller.

MILAN, Italy. ALMOST any of the accomplishments which Enea Bossi, one of Italy's foremost designers of military airplanes, has to his credit would make most aviation engineers well pleased with themselves. For years he has been making fast pursuit aircraft, heavy transport planes which have spanned the Atlantic, and planes capable of reaching a very high ceiling. It was not until the other day, however, that the ambition of his life-time and the dream of many aviationists was realized when, at an altitude of 21 feet in one minute and 14 seconds, using no other power than that supplied by his two legs.

Ever since man first dreamed of flying from the days of Leonardo da Vinci up to now, daring inventors have been trying to find some means of flying through the air like birds, using their arms or legs to propel them. Even when the Wright brothers were successful with their motor-powered flight at Kitty Hawk, men continued to experiment with methods of self-propelled flight and there have been a long line of inventions, all of which proved unsuccessful or impractical until the other day, when Signor Bossi succeeded after many years of research.

Some time ago, Bossi began gathering data, making his first experiments with a bicycle on a level road. He fitted the bicycle with a propeller and instead of the chain driving the wheels, it was geared to a large propeller of the "pusher" type attached to the rear of his bicycle. After many tests, Bossi became convinced that the bicycle could be driven just as fast by means of the propeller as by the wheels, and with the same amount of energy. He discovered that the rider could generate 1.32 horsepower for 10 seconds, then 0.92 horsepower for two minutes and this was followed by 0.63 horsepower for ten minutes.

Then, with the help of the indoor testing machine shown at the top left, he worked out the lines along which to build his plane. When finished, it weighed only 165 pounds. It was not a glider, but an actual man-driven plane. Bossi



The Age-Old Dream of Flight by Man Power Alone Is Dramatically Illustrated in This Old Engraving of an 18th Century Soldier Envisioning Two Flying Men in Combat.

so constructed it that in the take-off, with the pilot position, both the plane and the propellers revolve. After running from 200 to 250 feet, the plane takes to the air, and then only the propellers are driven. Estimating that these pedal planes may

be built commercially at a cost of about \$100 each, Bossi, after completing his first successful flight, was convinced that a dream of many centuries has finally come true, and that while man may not fly like a bird, he may at least do so under his own power.

Latest Fashions for Cows

VISITORS to rural England these days often disbelieve their own eyes when looking at the cattle browsing in the meadows of the peaceful countryside. The cow which is leisurely chewing its cud may be wearing goggles as if ready for an auto or airplane ride.

The cow boots and goggles are not whimsical pranks or rustic leg-pulling on the part of the farmers, however. There is a real reason behind it all, an effort to decrease the annual livestock loss of \$70,000,000, the toll taken of English cattle by laminitis, cancer and other bovine diseases.

The milk, cream and butter which are produced in the rural districts of England are famous for their quality, but such has been the mortality among cattle during the past few years that veterinarians and scientists have been alarmed about the situation. Recently, in addition to frequent inspection of the herds, protection of the most vulnerable parts of the body of the horses and the eyes, have been advocated, which accounts for the blinkers and boots.

While cows thus dressed may look odd, herds in the vicinity of Jarrow, Lancashire, some time ago presented an even more singular appearance when they were dressed in bloomers.

The bloomers were used to cover the hind quarters of the cows so that scientists could find out some important facts about the behavior of an insect pest called the brown dog tick. This insect which burrows into various parts of the United States also attacks cattle.

In Louisiana cows have been suffering from a mysterious disease, the cause of which has baffled farmers and scientific investigators. Various clues were tracked down and it appeared that the brown dog tick might be the cause of the malady. If it can be shown that a blower-protected cow remains healthy when one of her bloomers suffers gets sick during an attack of brown dog ticks then the scientists will have definite information to work on.

Two English Cows Sporting the Newest Fashions for Cattle. The Bovine Boots Are to Keep the Animals from Being Bitten by Brown Dogs and the Goggles Are Worn for the Same Reason. The Spectacles Also Act as Semi-Blinders and Discourage Fence-Jumping.



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Miss Gloria Day, an American, Exhibiting the "Loveliest Long Legs" in the British Isles.



Loveliest Long Legs in England?

THIS age of specialization in which we are living isn't overlooking anything these days, not even feminine legs. No longer can the chaps who used to hang out in front of Grimsby's barber shop on a windy spot to watch the village maidens pass say confidently, "She has pretty legs" and get away with it. To be considered a man-about-town, they'll have to be more specific and say, "She has lovely long legs," "lovely medium legs," or "lovely short legs."

It's all because London is now taking the pulchritude of what used to be called the rather limbs with the utmost seriousness. First the artists, photographers, fashion designers and other employing attractive girls for models got together and decided that of long, medium and short legs the loveliest of them all probably would be found among the long-legged ones.

Then they sent out a call for long-legged girls. They do things like that very carefully and in London.

When all the long-legged maidens had been called in, they were lined up in a row.

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honors had been rounded up, measured, photographed and critiqued by the Committee for the Discovery of Loveliest Long Legs reached a decision. "Most girls with beautiful legs have short limbs, unsuitable for posing and modeling," it announced. "On the other hand, most girls with long legs have limbs that are too thin." In other words, the C.D.L.L. was getting nowhere very fast until Miss Gloria Day's legs walked into the picture—as may be seen in the photograph at the left. Then the C.D.L.L. gave one collective and appreciative gasp and without even going into conference or calling for another round of tea and crumpets, announced that Miss Day had the loveliest long legs in all London and, quite possibly, in the world.

Strangely enough, Miss Day happens to be an American who is visiting in England, so the loveliest long legs will probably be coming back to the United States soon.

Of course Judge Harry Dow, before whom the petition was filed, knows all about spit fences.

There is the kind that a neighbor will put on his land to prevent trespassing and the kind that is erected out of sheer cussedness. But a spit fence in bed, well, there doesn't seem to be anything in the law books about that.

"He nailed a plank in the middle of the bed," Mrs. Brouillard explained sadly. "It was uncomfortable for me to sleep after that for the bed was none too large."

Mrs. Brouillard was still running the risk of getting splinters while Judge Dow took it all under advisement.

A New Kind of Spite Fence

SOMETHING new in the way of spite fences was originated by German J. Brouillard, an auto salesman of Gloucester, Mass., when, according to his wife, Ethel, who is

Stole a Skeleton

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Murdered His Wife and Her Lover as an Experiment

The College-Bred Policeman's Planned and Scholarly Crime by Which He Proved, He Thinks, That the Instinct of Self-Preservation Is Stronger Even Than Mother Love, and Now He Expects to Put the Jury, Instead of Himself, on Trial



The "Textbook Killer," Patrolman William Hawthorne, Holding a Diagram of the Scene of His Crime, and Smiling as He Tells Police About It.



STORY OF THE STRANGE EXPERIMENT, Staged Like an Old-Fashioned Melodrama, When Hawthorne, Living His Fingers at Them, Asked His Wife's Mother and Her Victim's Mother if This Would Give Their Lives for Each Other—And They Said They Would.



Kay Fox Hawthorne, the Detroit Policeman's 21-Year-Old "Paper Bride," Whom He Shot Down After Giving Her Lover an Opportunity to Sacrifice His Life to Save Her.

"They jumped up and screamed when they saw my gun."
"Here was a chance to test a couple of scientific theories, so I asked them a couple of questions before I started to shoot, and they answered."
"Now I know that the instinct of self-preservation is stronger than the love of man for a woman, even than a mother's love for her son. Here are my guns—I am giving myself up."

So it was the calm announcement of young William Hawthorne, after shooting to death his attractive good wife and her sweetheart, Jack Barrett, in the presence of Jack's mother, with the latter carefully noting the reactions of his victims. As a student of psychology he feels he has made an important contribution to science and, if he is to be punished, should be regarded as a sort of martyr to science.

That proving the college textbooks wrong involved the killing of two young people brings no remorse to the experimenter because, in his opinion, they had to be put to death anyway and he might as well pick up a little knowledge while he was doing it. Hawthorne's excuse for taking the "unwritten law" into his own hands is that for 18 months his secret marriage to Kay Fox, 21-year-old, gorgeous, co-ed of Michigan State Normal College, had never been consummated. Kay called it a "paper marriage," and wanted to tear it up with a divorce that she might marry Jack, son of a Detroit banker, Myron Barrett, and, like the man who killed him, 22 years old.

Bill Hawthorne believes that every theory should be put to the test and insists that Kay must undergo the experiment of living with him as man and wife for 30 days before deciding about a divorce. When the "paper bride" refused, giving only the unscientific reason of "because," he decreed that she must die. Jack's similar interest was for breaking a promise to stay away from Kay who had been his kid sweetheart in high school. Mrs. Barrett's punishment, for "not cooperating," in the trial marriage idea was to have her son killed before her eyes.

At the time of the killing, Hawthorne was a "bookie" policeman on the Detroit force.

"I have no regrets," said Hawthorne, in his alleged confession. "I committed this deed as thoroughly as though preparing for a record in a track meet. I wasn't smart when I first went to college. I messed things up in the pole vault by starting the vault at 10 feet. By the time the bar got to championship height, I was all tuckered out and the result was a halfway job. As senior in college, I waited until the bar was at 12 feet, cleared it and wasn't all tired out for the crack at the title. That is being thorough."

His thoroughness made his collegiate pole vault champion of Michigan, with a record of 13 feet 9 1/2 inches. Also he has done 13 feet 7 1/2 inches in the

tread jump. It was "gorgeous" in fact, and figure as he says, it is equally true that he is a splendid, handsome athlete.

Nature endowed them both with exceptional health and good books, together with enough intelligence to get into college. Yet nothing there could save them from making this pitiful ruin of their lives. The confession leading up to that fatal day began with their meeting.

"I was a beautiful, red-haired young woman in the registration line-up at Ypsilanti, Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, in the fall of 1924. I asked if she had gone to high school in Detroit. I knew I had seen her before and found her very pleasant. And before we had registered as freshmen, I knew there was the girl I wanted for my wife."

"Probably you will think I am slow but I went out with her 10 times to force I kissed her. We had a good time for a year, except that I was spending too much time with Kay until my studies began to suffer. I had trouble with ineptitude for athletics on account of low marks and at the end of sophomore year Kay and I decided to get married that was 18 months ago and we had not revealed our plans to anyone."

"Kay was very much upset at me when I put college as soon as the next year over this summer instead of waiting to be graduated. But I wanted to provide a home for her because it was very trying to live separated as we had been. I came to Detroit in June and got a job on the police force, and engaged an apartment for us, but I could never get her to come to it."

"About a month ago I went to her mother and told her that Kay and I were married. But her mother kept telling me that she thought it very foolish for a couple of kids to get married. Only a short time ago I revealed to her brother (Cornelius Fox, a student

patrolman) that Kay and I were married. He was very much surprised and told me that Kay had been running around with Jack. I did not know then that it was Jack who had persuaded Kay not to move into the apartment with me."

"Well, as soon as I learned about it I went up and asked him if he was Jack, and he said he was. I said, 'Tommy, I'll have you know I was married to Kay. He said he did. Then I told him, 'If you go out with my wife again I'll kill you.' He was scared. He told me that he would not

see her again but would call Kay and tell her that he would not see her again. That was his bargain with me, but he didn't keep it. He loaned her his car yesterday."

"I figured the best thing I could do to get the whole thing straightened out was to get Kay away from her home. With that in mind I went out to her house today but I couldn't see her. I was anxious to have a serious talk for our mutual benefit, but her mother would not cooperate. Kay's mother would not let us be divorced. I didn't want that."

"So about that time I figured the jig was up unless I could get Kay and talk to her myself, because we always got along. I had learned that her mother would always tell Jack where she was, but she wouldn't tell me. It was a case of getting Kay away from her folks and with me—or at least making Jack keep away from her."

"It was my day off, but I went home and put on my uniform because it was the best way to cover two guns. I parked my car about two hours away from Jack's house on Whitcomb to wait for Jack to come home. One gun was new one I had bought myself and the other was the regular police '38."

"I had not been there long before Jack drove up, but he saw me because he circled his car around an alley. I chased him and he must have seen my two guns because my coat was open. I did not fire then because I did not want to make a mess of it. He ran into the back door of his house. I was standing there when his mother came out and said, 'Bill, come in here and let's talk things over.'"

"I went in and Jack insisted that if there was to be a settlement Kay should be with us. He went to the phone, found she was in Northville and went and got her in his car. He apparently did not tell her that there was to be a showdown, because when she was in her thin, dropped Jack asked why she had told him our marriage was only on paper. She was nervous and got restless and ran out of the house. I followed and persuaded her to come back to get it all settled, one way or the other."

"When we got back I pointed my fingers at them and asked Jack how much he loved Kay and he replied that he loved her as much as I did. Then I turned to Kay and asked if she loved Jack. She said yes very emphatically. That seemed to leave me no choice. Mrs. Barrett stood there, listening."

"Spectators of track meets will remember that as the bar reaches critical heights, vaulters begin to wipe the nervous sweat from their palms before grasping the pole. The statement goes on to relate that Hawthorne now did a similar thing that his trigger fingers would not slip."

"My hands were wet with all the stress of things. I said I guessed I'd go into the kitchen to get a drink of water. I took a drink and while there I washed my hands and dried them very carefully, because I did not want to do anything halfway. I had my good gun—by that I mean the one I bought in my right hand and my regular police service pistol in the other, when I walked back."

"When they saw both guns in my hands they all jumped up and screamed."
"Here was where I had the only fun of the thing."

"I turned to Jack's mother and asked her, if her son was drowning, would she at the risk of her own life, try to save him. She said she would."

"Then I asked Jack if he loved Kay enough to offer his life for her. He said he did."

"I pointed a gun at Kay. Jack made no move to save her. Instead he tried to sink through the wall."

"As he cringed I turned and shot him. Then I turned toward Kay and shot her. I turned back to where Jack lay on his stomach and tried to figure out just where his heart was. I shot again and again and I think I found his heart with a couple of them."

"Then not wishing to make a messy job of it rather than take the same consequences for a halfway job, I shot at Kay again and again, trying to hit her heart. Brutal as it sounds, I wanted to do a good job of it. That's why I fired those other shots."

"Funny thing," he said later in an elaboration of the first statement, "even in the excitement, while I was shooting them, I watched Mrs. Barrett. And she was in the corner by the wall, trying to get away. She wasn't trying to protect her son, at all. Mother love doesn't look like what it is supposed to be."

"You ask what I would have done if Jack had threatened me? I would have sacrificed my life instantly for Kay. I would have rushed to save her. And now Kay is gone and she is out of my mind unless she starts to bother me nights. I've heard of that."

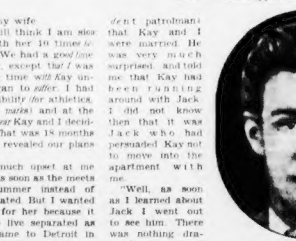
"The indications are that the case will be something new in murder trials. The handsome young defendant had the cool nerve to propound questions to his victims before the killing, just like a college professor before making a laboratory experiment. In the same way it is reported that he will not only take the stand in his own defense but put the jury in his place, asking what they would have done."

"I was stunned. It all happened too quickly for any of us to move or act."

"Michigan has no capital punishment and therefore the worst the killer has to fear is life imprisonment."



END OF THE EXPERIMENT. "Now was where I had the only fun of the thing," Hawthorne Explained. "It was when I watched them jump up and scream as they saw the guns in my hands. I shot Barrett as he tried to sink to the wall. His mother ran to a corner. Then I shot Kay. I found out that the instinct of self-preservation was stronger than love and that mother love doesn't look like what it is supposed to be."



Jack Barrett, Son of the Banker, Who Paid With His Life for Breaking His Promise to Stay Away From the Policeman's Wife.

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Peeping Night of Mr. Van Wyck's Bewildered Bride



**Almost Incredible Revelations
Which Followed the
Wealthy Playboy-Artist's
Efforts to
Punish his Lovely
and Loving
Lolita for Her
Carelessness in Having an Extra
Husband When He Married Her**

PRESCOTT VAN WYCK, society playboy, with a million dollar inheritance, Indian blood and the artistic temperament, has always been playing the jokes on his sweethearts but, at last, he seems to have gone too far. He proved his bigamy charges against his lovely wife, Lolita Cordoba, so convincingly that Assistant District Attorney John A. Sullivan, of New York City, refuses to dismiss them. If convicted, prison would yawn for Lolita.

During some 16 of his 36 years, the grandnephew of New York's first mayor, Robert Van Wyck, has amused the world by letting girls think they had him "on the spot" matrimonially but every time they tried to seal him with a marriage license, he got out from under. He played that same joke on the same girl, Macdellia Stapp, over and over, until after eight years she began to see the point and is now sung instead of pursued.

Last January Mr. Van Wyck, it seems, turned around and perpetrated the reverse of that matrimonial joke on Miss Cordoba, Mexican rumba dancer who also has Indian blood. Her Indian lament is that he dropped a couple of pills into her highball which so bewildered her that the next thing she knew the fatal words had been spoken over them at Armonk, the famous "Gretna Green" of Westchester County, N. Y., in spite of the fact that she already had a perfectly good husband in England.

Still bewildered as the honeymoon went on, but still very loving, she did not complain then to the police about such little playfulness by Prescott as making her stand without even a brassiere with a lemon on her head, while he tried to shoot it off with a bow and arrow, or demonstrating how close he could come to her with steel-tipped darts, or slipping very hard marbles at her out of a glass-bowgun he had invented.

Even when he handed the bride a prescription for her cold and the druggist advised her to see a policeman because it called for enough arsenic to kill a horse, she refrained from complaining and fled to England instead. Lolita told the District Attorney.

On May 11 Prescott apparently began to brood. He sent a long cablegram to Scotland Yard and then a postscript, in all costing him several hundred dollars. Not receiving any reply from the great detective organization, he got off the following to the solemn London Times, on May 19:

"Can you find out for me discreetly anything about my wife, Lolita Cordoba, late star of 'Trans-Atlantic Rhythm'? Informed some papers announced her marriage to one Harry Goodman, trans-Atlantic prizefight promoter, on or about December 8 last. Married me here January. Please cable information care United States Trust Co., 45 Wall Street, New York City. Prescott Van Wyck."

At the same time he sent the following rebuke to Scotland Yard:

"Surprised receive no report from you concerning my wife, Lolita Cordoba, in answer my two cables May 11. Information private sources she now living 22 Grossett Terrace, Baywater, London. I demand you arrest her immediately and deport her here. Also write family some weeks ago she would go Australia if I did not book passage home. This is plot to assassinate or sell her into Oriental white slavery. Kindly favor me with courtesy of immediate reply. Prescott Van Wyck."

The Times seems to have discreetly refrained from finding out anything, and the Yard replied, suggesting that he lay his matrimonial troubles before the proper American authorities. Mr. Van Wyck inquired around and found out that such enough, Scotland Yard would not act as a triant officer and that national do not extradite or deport A. W. O. L. wives just on cable requests from dissatisfied husbands. Since the Times and Scotland Yard would not be a party to the proceedings, Prescott sat down and wrote the following costly cablegram of short, short story length, addressed to Lolita, care of the American Express Co., London:

"El Millonaire Bobo was paying the passage, what a disappointment to Harry Goodman you did not return, says Berengaria. He was waiting to join you on deck. Also seems you had your Scottie there, hence don't need too busy now that you can get wireless like you sent me now. Can continue as an artist the highest nobility and never not ashamed of the class of people you are connected with in every way. You are stranded for you dear family. You sent me money."

"When will you get wise to yourself and get cured of this leprosy that you have to support those degenerates who will suck you for the last drop of blood and live just as fat as if you die tomorrow? A few weeks, I am your husband unless you can prove the contrary. You know I have not cheap, and if you need a thousand dollars or five thousand dollars for yourself I will gladly send it if I have it. You need cent of my money will your family or your friends ever see again. You can give your boy friend my best regards. By the way, tell him I expect to see him very soon behind bars. Strange your wireless don't mention name of 'millionaire Bobo'. I suppose this is because many people there know you as Mrs. Goodman and think he is millionaire. Most embarrassing. Action."

(Signed) To Quake in crime, Prescott.

This cablegram, which is part of evidence laid before the District Attorney, contains cryptic passages, some of which its author has not fully explained. Lolita being a Mexican beauty, he used a few expressions in her native tongue. "Bobo" he said to be the Central American equivalent of "boob," and therefore "El Millonaire Bobo" would probably mean "the Millionaire Boob," referring perhaps

Lolita (Who for a Time Seemed to Be Really Mrs. Van Wyck) Dancing the Rumba, and Peeping Out from Her Skirts, Mr. Van Wyck in Indian Costume and Holding the Sword, "Peter the Great" With Which, Lolita Says, He Liked Her to Spank Him.

to what he would have been had he sent her passage money for that particular trip. "Lolita" means a crazy delusion and "degenerates" is a fighting word in Mexico. "To Quake in Crime" is "Your Partner in Crime." But what crime? The only one that has been charged is bigamy.

Anyway that interminable and expensive cablegram

ought to have made most any wife tear her hair, get a divorce or do most anything but come back to the arms of the gentleman who sent it. But Prescott understands women, especially artistic ones with Indian blood, and back she came.

For one thing, probably no woman in all England

It Was Indeed a Strange Bridal Night, Lolita Told the District Attorney. With Mr. Van Wyck Putting Lemons on Her Head and, at Armonk, Shooting at Them With Bow and Arrow.

could show that her husband cared enough for her to administer such a long and costly trans-Atlantic wedding. Boasting between the lines the staggering expense more than offset the cruel words. Whether she had realized before that Prescott was not cheap, she certainly knew it now.

Mr. Van Wyck had already demonstrated his profound understanding of womanhood by successfully wooing Lolita with a punch in the eye. This method has been tried before but almost invariably with unfavorable reactions from the lady who gets the black eye.

Just a common, vulgar black eye such as Paris Apaches and American hoodlums give their ladies probably would have dissipated Lolita for she also is not cheap. Prescott says that it is not so much what you do to or for women as how you do it, that appeals. The scene of the punching was upper Fifth Avenue at about 4 A. M. There had been an argument and some discussion about the advisability of "a good bust in the eye."

Lolita was not in favor of this treatment and to prevent it got into her car, locked the doors and ground up the windows. Only a super man could punch a lady's eye while she sat in that small fortress of steel and glass, yet that is what she says Mr. Van Wyck did without a minute's hesitation.

With a mighty swing and unerring aim he drove his fist right through the glass of the door and connected with the dancer's astonished countenance, blackening one eye, just as promised. The crash of glass and the lady's screams brought two policemen to the scene.

In an attempt to satisfy their curiosity as to why he had punched her, Prescott explained that he is a direct descendant of their first Mayor and Broadway's best-known playboy, also that she deserved the sock because she had refused to go home with him. The police examined their driving licenses and finding these in good order, asked if they were married. Learning that the pair had no "fighting license," they took them to the station where Prescott spent what was left of the night in a cell.

In court next morning Lolita was there, with a half-closed eye, as "Exhibit A," to prove her assault and battery charge. But instead of pressing it, she refused and faintly, gracefully, Prescott picked her up gallantly and when she opened her eyes, she winked the good one at him and he kissed the other, which made it all well, but not for a couple of weeks, and they walked out of court, arm in arm. The only thing that prevented her from marrying him then and there was the fact that even artistic women are not supposed to have more than one husband at a time.

In spite of this conservative idea, she did marry Van Wyck and after her return from England, Prescott took Scotland Yard's advice, just a few days ago, asking the District Attorney of New York to prosecute his wife for bigamy. His evidence was impressive but before making any move, Mr. Sullivan questioned both Prescott and Lolita in each other's presence.

Lolita admitted that the marriage at Armonk was bigamous, but insisted that it also was fabulous and dragged. She related that they had been slowly driving their way around Westchester County all night and that somewhere along the route Prescott had dropped a couple of pills into her glass. After that her mind had been a blank and she was not conscious of the marriage at Armonk. Her theory is that due to the pills and firewater, she had lost all her senses except the sense of the dramatic.

Mrs. Van Wyck, Mr. Sullivan, when on their bridal night they went to the apartment of a friend on West 76th Street which this friend had very obligingly turned over to them and that Prescott had brought along with him a quantity of strange paraphernalia which he was to use in these strange rituals that he went through. Her story to the District Attorney was that Prescott caused her to disrobe completely and stand in the corner of a large room and that he himself donned Indian regalia and then posed a lemon on her head. She said she was "scared to death" but thought it was best to oblige.

However, as she stood at the end of the room with the lemon balanced on her head, he let out frantic whoops in imitation of an Indian in rage and, reaching for a bow and

(Continued on Page 22)

Gambler's Gamble Safe Rake's No System

IT IS a wood-paneled room, illuminated by a crystal chandelier. The air is heavy with tobacco smoke swirling about beneath the white light. Directly beneath the light is a green baize-covered table, at which gamblers with masked eyes watch the whirling roulette wheel.

The ball stops and the tense silence is over. Everybody begins to murmur at once, and the croupier again rakes in the large Hungarian banknotes. There is an incoherent sound of feet rattling in receptacles, metal or glass. But one young man does not drink.

Nobody knows who he is, he has never been seen at the club before. It is plain to see that he is a beginner, but without beginning's luck. He is terribly excited, not at all calm and cool like the professional gamblers.

The stranger plays high stakes, in fact, he has to, because this is one of the swankiest of the clubs on the Erzsébet Körút, the "Great White Way" of Budapest. It's the bank's lucky day, for the pile keeps growing in front of the croupier, and everybody else's stakes shrink accordingly.

But the heaviest loser of all is the young amateur who, the more he loses, the more he plays. At last his wallet is empty, a nervous search through his pockets brings forth a few more banknotes. He puts them down, and in a minute it is all over, and the croupier takes them up.

But then the young man does the unexpected. His eyes have been fixed on the pile of money before the croupier. People have been murmuring in sympathy for his agonized look. Then, suddenly, he has grabbed a handful of the bank's money and is gone.

Nobody seems to know what has happened so rapidly is the act accomplished. The croupier himself has lost his voice in astonishment. The thief rushes for the door, but in the general confusion this creates, nobody has the presence of mind to block his passage.

But already the young man is in the street. Employees run out, only to see his back disappear around the corner. They commandeer a taxi and follow, but the fellow is no longer to be seen.

Such was the embarrassing experience of the Imperial Club at Budapest recently, and the proprietors, on counting



Suddenly the Young Gambler Reached Out, Seized the Money in Front of the Croupier, and Before Anyone Could Stop Him, Flew from the Room to the Street.

their loss, learned with anger that 750 pengos were taken, about \$225 in American money, and worth far more here because cash in Hungary are no reasonable. But the hands of the croupiers were tied, for they could not resist the robbery to the police. At gambling is illegal in Hungary.

The loss was put down as overhead by the owners who, since they had no name or address by which to trace the absconder, tried to forget the matter. The very next day, however, they were reminded of the theft in a surprising way. A letter arrived through the mails, and in it were a hundred pengos as well as a careful explanation of the robbery. It was signed by Alexander Szekely, who identified himself as a clerk.

In his letter he apologized for having had to rob the club, and explained that only necessity made him do such a thing. He enclosed a hundred pengos because he found that he had taken more than he lost.

The naive letter by Szekely went on to explain everything.

"I never gambled before," he wrote, "and I had no idea any system would be needed. I lost and lost. The money was not mine. I had to return it to my firm the next day. I was to have used it to pay for a shipment of supplies which did not arrive. There I was, with plenty of money in my pocket, and a whole evening with nothing to do."

"I decided to double the money while I had it, for everybody knows that money goes down like water. I remembered reading about your club and decided to go there. I rented a tuxedo and walked in. Nobody stopped me because I looked rich. I even came in a taxi."

"But I did not have the beginner's luck that I should have had. I knew I ought to stop when I was losing, but I had to get back what I had and it seemed only a matter of time. The gambling here took hold of me."

"When the money was gone I felt like a drowning man. I remembered my whole life in an instant, and here I had thrown it all away. There was nothing left. I was an embarrassment, and in the morning I felt like a beggar. My employer would have me arrested and I would lose my job."

"It seemed too good to give up. Why should I give it up? You break the law when you run a gambling place, and yet you do not go to jail."

The strange letter went on to explain that when Szekely came home he counted the money and found 750 pengos, that of which he paid back his concern, and fifty of which he used to replace what he spent out of his own pocket. The rest he was returning because he did not want what was not his own property.

The manager hurried to the address given by Szekely and waited until the young man came home. Then it was explained to Szekely that he must pay the rest of the money back. It was his own fault, the manager said, that he lost the money. If he was not prepared to lose, he should not have gambled.

The arguments made no impression on Szekely, who couldn't see that he had lost the money. According to his code of honor, which he indignantly explained to the manager, the money was his. He pointed out that he had returned the surplus. The manager did not dare to go to court about it, for he doing so they would cause a scandal and invite their friends. The clerk had used an old system which for years made gambling safe.

New Light on Infections of the Amoebic Finger

DR. V. PARDO-CASTELLO, a distinguished Cuban dermatologist, has classified 76 ailments of finger-nails as "fungal" in his recent book, "Diseases of the Nails," and he tells some interesting things about them.

The most common is ringworm, which is responsible for 18 percent of all nail disorders. Adults have it more often than children, and in the Southern States the frequency is one out of every 300 persons, which is ten times greater than was found among immigrants at Ellis Island. Caused by a fungus, ringworm of the nails is closely related to another fungus pest which attacks feet. In fact, when ringworm gets a "foothold" between the toes, it frequently attacks the toe-nails also.

Instead of merely growing on the surface of the nail, however, the parasites sometimes burrow down into the horny substance of the nail itself. According to Dr. Pardo-Castello, this may account for a number of chronic cases of fungus-infected feet.

Frequently the victim does not know that the bugs have started a "colony" in the nail structure, for they can do that without causing particular discomfort, or disclosing any obvious symptoms. But once they have taken up their residence, there is no "quitting" for them.

It may be difficult to dispossess them, and from time to time some of them may work their way out and attack the nail, and at the same time, the fungus between the toes or other parts of the body.

Thus a person suffering repeatedly from a fungus-infected foot may think that each time he has a new case, but in fact, he is being continually infected from the parasites growing in his toe-nails. These parasites grow easily in shoe leather, too, and from the nails they may be transferred to the inside of the shoe, and later the shoes may infect the feet.

Compared with the rest of the body, the nails are so firm that it would seem as if any germ would be unable to attack them, but they do. A surprising number of diseases, usually associated with other parts of the body, also affect the nails—among others, tuberculosis, syphilis, fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, acroty, leprosy, eczema, tumors, hemophilia, a hereditary disease that causes abnormal bleeding from any slight injury, and diseases of the heart and circulatory system.

In typhoid fever, cases, the nails are sometimes lost with the skin and Dr. Pardo-Castello says that in some cases the skin of the entire hand and the nails have been shed like a glove.

Warts sometimes grow at the base of the nails, where they interfere with the nail's growth, causing the nail to become deformed. In such cases, Dr. Pardo-Castello says, it is a bad practice to pick the warts for that may spread the infection to other fingers or toes.

Glandular disturbances can also cause the nails to be deformed, or make them shrivel up by interfering with the regular production of nail tissue in the roots or stripping it off. As irregular growth of nail substance, if it is too far advanced, sometimes results in nervous and mental disturbances, and Dr. Pardo-Castello tells of instances in which patients with the nails were apparently brought up by nothing except hysteria.

In addition to ringworm, various skin diseases, such as impetigo, scabies (vulgarily known as the "itch"), and eczema, may attack the nails, particularly when these cases become chronic and the patients scratch themselves continually.

Abscesses, or felonies, in the tissue surrounding the nail may be infected with the bacteria of the abscess, and the source of this infection is dirty disfigure, and Dr. Pardo-Castello says such disorders are frequently found among



Bitting Fingernails Is Classified as One of the Seventy-six Affections, and Curing the Habit in Children Is Reported to Be One of the Most Difficult Tasks of Parents.

children. The habit of biting the nails as one of the 76 ailments is one that is very difficult to cure. Children can usually be cured by putting something bitter on the finger tips, and he recommends a mixture of castor oil and kerosene. The mixture is rubbed on the nail, and the nail sinks into the flesh at the finger tips, and severe abscesses result.

Nail infections are often found in occupations where workers handle materials that are not usually supposed to be irritating, but actually are. This is true of bakers, for instance, who frequently have finger-nail disorders as a result of handling flour and baking powder, candy makers from sugar, butchers from the bristles of cattle, bookbinders from paste, grocers from sugar and flour.

Ordinarily, ringworm is not a disease about which people get alarmed, but Dr. Pardo-Castello says that sometimes it may cause the nails to become deformed, and appearance and separate from their bed, although it seldom causes them to drop out. In severe cases the nail has to be removed under a general or local anesthetic, but most patients will not consent to this, because the nail's regrowth takes about six months. So about the only place where this has been practiced with any pronounced favor is at Ellis Island, where immigrants have been required to put up with practically anything to get into this country.

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Modern Lazarus Back from Grave To Clear Name

THE French Supreme Military Court was recently startled by the appearance of a citizen of the Republic who asked compensation from the mutiny charges on which he was executed during the war. At first the man was thought to be out of his wits, but to everybody's amazement his story proved to be true.

It was the year before the mutiny, when the first scattered mutinies in the French army began, that Armand Guibault found his unit planning to take part in a rebellion. In the front line, the men were breaking under the strain.

M. Guibault tried to warn his comrades that mutiny was useless. They would be shot down like dogs, he said, but was silenced with such ferocity that he did not dare to offer further protest.

The terrible part of it was that Armand was in love with an English lass named Mary Walsh. She was a brave volunteer from Lazarus who had entered the women's auxiliary ambulance corps at the outset of the war. She happened one day to treat Armand for a surface wound, but at the same time she infected him with the more deadly pangs of love. They were to be married after the war.

As if the war itself were not enough to get through alive, now there had to be a mutiny, which would probably end in death for all of his unit. It was as he predicted. This mutiny of "devotion" or killing a few without regard to whether they are guilty or not in order to save the many into complete submission, is a cruel modern inheritance from ancient Roman military tactics.

Armand pleaded that he had nothing to do with the insurrection, but this was not being heeding because ring-leaders were saying the same thing. It was every man for himself, and each unit was ready to accuse the rest in order to protect himself. Still, Armand looked like a sincere fellow, and as the Commandant hesitated, the army picked for death remembered how he had tried to keep them from rebelling.

Instead of being grateful for his advice they were bitter.



Armand Was Flung Back Into Limb. The Marksmen Aimed and Fired. He Fell and a Few Moments Later the Dump Earth Closing Over His Body.

For all they knew, he might have betrayed them. Even if this was not so, it seemed pleasing to think that the innocent should die with the guilty.

Armand was flung back into the line. The marksmen aimed their guns. The order rang out to fire, and the figures toppled backward into the grave pit that had been hastily dug for them. Guibault was only wounded, but he could believe he was dead.

The doctors struggled through the ditch filled with the dead, examining each body for a sign of life. The mutiny had been crushed. He looked up at Guibault whose face was gray from the wounds of another soldier who had fallen across his head.

Then the grave diggers began to fill in the ditch. Guibault was ready to scream out for what could be worse than to be buried alive. But before he could cry out, his mouth was covered with mud, and rapidly the mud filled his ears, nose and mouth. He was being crushed by the earth, and already the weight was unbearable. Then, as if by a miracle, the wet earth above him stopped getting heavier.

What happened was that enemy airplanes, their attention perhaps attracted by the shootings, were staging a raid. The diggers had fled. Then, just like Lazarus, Guibault broke out of his grave, half smothered, choking and gasping. He hastily filled in the hole, then crawled to a spot some distance from his "tombal place." Stretcher-bearers, supposing him to be one of those hurt during the air raid, rescued him.

A fearful thought now struck him. What if they should find out who he was? Pretending to squirm in agony, he managed to bring his arm up to his vicinity side and threw it away.

He was taken to a hospital at some distance back of the lines. Questioned as to his identity, he pretended that he had lost his memory. It seemed as if it was all up with Guibault after all, for he was sent to his regiment's depot with the idea that somebody would identify him.

On their return to the front, his escort was careless of his charge, since there was no reason to be suspicious. It was easy for Guibault to effect an escape near a town where he happened to have friends. There was a search, but he had vanished as if from the face of the earth.

The girl of his choice, however, hearing that hundreds in Guibault's regiment had been killed in a mutiny, sought details. The military nurse found out that Guibault was posted as one of those executed. But one day, while grief was still upon him, Mary's heart leaped for joy. It was mingled with pity, however, for its cause was a letter she had just received in the handwriting of Guibault.

But at last she put aside her tears and resolutely opened the envelope. In it she found, not a farewell note, but a glowing Guibault still alive and well. He was ready to explain, but would ever see her as well as it was prudent to do so. Mary Walsh waited for six years, then she destroyed the letter, and she never heard of him again. As that there be no taint on the family name, the father wants his family to live under its right name, and it is believed that his request will not be refused after so many years.

Selling Their Wives For Food and Tobacco

THE British island of Bathurst, off northern Australia, is only a few miles from civilization. Yet Monignor "Gail," who has returned to the city of Darwin on the mainland, protests that as a missionary head at Bathurst, he was forced to watch the barbarous practice of wife-selling.

The natives do not sell their women to each other, total strangers do the buying. But the good priest suggests that this is less their fault than the fault of those who govern them, as principal of several parties, with a personal concern in the native welfare, the aroused missionary has made representations to the Commonwealth in their behalf.

It is the natives' own weakness of the ability which is handed out to the natives to keep them alive. What made things all the more difficult is that the bush people had a "depression" all their own, had weather killed off the best of their stock, and sold their wives to Japanese people in exchange for food and tobacco.

It is as a result of this misguided economy on the part of the "civilized" people who are supposed to be their guardians, according to the Monignor, that the Bathurst people have been "starved" and sold their wives to Japanese people in exchange for food and tobacco.

The natives have come to crave the weed as much as food, it is like food to them, and they are as much as food. The Japanese pearl-runners, however, have plenty of the very things the natives lack, but they greedily ask for native women in exchange.

It is a sad story, it is told for these pearl-runners to operate in these waters at all, the patrol launch from the Australian mainland chases them whenever there is any evidence that they are about.

Their favorite point of operations is Apsey Strait, separating Bathurst and Melville Islands. Two diggers recently captured in the strait were found to have a dozen aboriginal women on board.

The women, it developed, had not the Japanese four plugs of chewing tobacco, twenty pounds of flour, and a package of cheap cigarettes. The cigarettes were given as payment for a delicate native girl, a young woman who died from impure food after her purchase and was thrown overboard before the boat was raised. The pearl-runners were brought to court and severely punished, but this did not end the trade.

One young girl, crippled and fevered when the boats were captured, had been married only a month before. But her husband wanted her, or else his desire for tobacco had become greater than love. Four times she leaped into the water, and three times she reached the shore.

The fourth time, the terrified girl was speared in the leg by her husband, who, whispering, bleeding and howling, she was carried back to the Japanese boat and left there.

The natives are polygamist, and do not mind losing a wife when they have another, and a daughter has never been anything but a matter of exchange with them. Yet the bush-women are often attractive, although their interesting faces are like masks hiding ignorant and savage minds.

Because of his prominent position, for he is unanswerable to the Bishop, Monignor Gail's appeal may lead to a result in an increase in allowance. At present only \$1,000 a year is paid aside for 2,000, and although the mission speaks a still larger sum, it clearly is not enough.

Science Opens the Way to Make Our Children Giants

The New "Elixir of Growth" Which Develops Gigantic Plants and Promises Part of H. G. Wells' Fantastic Dream of a Race of Supermen and Superwomen--But Which Won't Make the World Very Comfortable for Average-Sized People

What Could Happen If Insects Were Developed to the Size of This Giant Caterpillar as Large as the Woman It Is Shown Attacking.



"There were giants in the earth in those days." —Genesis, 6:4.

"BY gaining control of quantities of these substances, the experimenter is going to be able to make any kind of man he wants. The biologist of the future will have control within his grasp that can produce the superman and superwoman.

This statement the other day by Dr. Arthur C. Parker, of the Rochester, N. Y., Museum of Arts and Sciences, is authoritative indication that another of the fantastic prophecies of the imaginative writer, H. G. Wells, may be fulfilled.

In the Wells novel, "The Food of the Gods," a couple of scientists concoct a synthetic substance called "boonfood" which makes people grow to be forty feet tall and has a corresponding effect on all other animal life as well as vegetation.

Some of it was spilled, and it made rats grow as big as ponies and wasps so big that they drowned around like airplanes and had to be hunted down with shotgun. Kites as big as box constructors came out of the rivers and killed sheep and a plague of huge flies, spiders, ants and cockroaches threatened to overrun the earth. Thistles and weeds as tall as fir trees and mushrooms and puff balls the size of haystacks played havoc with farm lands. It would even produce monstrous caterpillars that would flinger right out of bushes and attack human beings.

A new "elixir of growth," called coichicine, just announced by Dr. A. P. Blakeslee, geneticist of the Carnegie Institution's biological laboratory at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, may never cause any such horrors as that, but it has quite as remarkable possibilities. Made from a yellow powder that comes from the seed of a species of a columnar or yellow saffron, it makes plants grow many times bigger and stronger than ever before. No one imagines that coichicine will have the same effects on animals that it has on plants but other substances exist to make animals grow in similar extreme ways. Some of these are gland chemicals which biologists still do not know how to use, but someday they may know.

It is obvious, however, that any sudden and radical change in the size of plants, animals and humans might present many disturbing problems such as some of those described by Mr. Wells in his novel, and anticipating what might happen if the "elixir of growth" is not properly handled, Dr. Parker has uttered the following solemn warning:

"Unless mankind soon learns how to know itself and master itself, its knowledge of the universe and its mastery of energies may in the end contribute to the destruction of all humanity instead of its elevation."

With coichicine farmers might grow wheat as tall as pine trees, but if they did they would have to raise their sons on the same stuff, or there wouldn't be anybody big enough and strong enough to harvest the crop.

A couple of forty-foot sons might be useful on a farm, but the way things are now, they would undoubtedly be an expensive luxury. They would have to have a special house of their own as big as a municipal auditorium, with the size of the house. It would take the entire output of a fair-sized textile mill to keep them supplied with clothes, and the mother who kept their socks darned wouldn't have much time for anything else. Their food would have to be cooked in vats as large as water tanks.

As they strode across the fields, every footstep they left would be a crater about three feet deep, and that would make the countryside impassable for ordinary people, unless the giants stopped after every step and filled the holes.

Of course, they would have to keep off the roads and highways. If they didn't, the results would be tragic, just as they were in Mr. Wells' novel when a farmer laid who had been raised on "boonfood" set out to see London and finally had to be shot by the riot squad because every time he put his foot down he was liable to crush people.

One of the scientists in Mr. Wells' story started feeling "boonfood" to his son without telling his wife about it, and to say she was surprised over what happened to her baby is putting it mildly. When the baby was six months old he broke down his baby buggy and had to be brought home, tawling in a milk truck.

By the time the baby was twelve months old he tottered just one inch under five feet, and his affectionate clutch at the hair and features of visitors became the talk of West Kensington. They had an invalid's chair to carry him up and down to his nursery, and his special nurse, a muscular young person, just out of training, used to take him for his airings in an eight-horse-power hill-climbing motor perambulator specially made to meet his requirements.

But they had to keep hiring new nurses, because as he crawled around the nursery, smacking furniture, he bit like a horse, pinched like a vice and bowled him over just about split the cartrains. When he was half grown he could leap



Such Effects on Human Growth as Might Be Brought About by Chemicals Were Foreseen by H. G. Wells in His Fantastic Story, "The Food of the Gods," in Which the Giant Farm Boy Pictured Above by the Artist Cyrus Cuneo, Having Grown to an Enormous Height, Causes Consternation by Blocking the Streets of London, and They Had to Shoot Him.

200 feet and about the only playthings he didn't crush the moment he touched them, were canons.

If some new scientific giant food should ever become as cheap as flour, and if everybody should start buying it and feeding it to their babies, the only way to meet the requirements of such a rising and expanding generation would be to make the whole world over from the cradle to the grave.

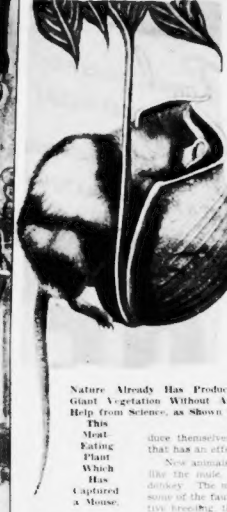
First of all, of course, all the homes and apartment houses would have to be torn down and huge ones put up in their place, supplied with facilities as big as swimming pools, and everything else on the same scale. But while this was going on, frantic public officials would have to be building new schools in which even the chalk rooms would have to be larger than a waiting room in a railroad station.

Then all the streets and roads would have to be made as wide as an airplane landing field and paved with solid concrete ten feet thick, and that would have to be done in a few short years, too, so they would be ready by the time those lively youngsters started romping to school.

The entire transportation system would have to be re-

Science May Find It Possible With the Use of New Growth Chemicals to Increase the Size of Babies to the Proportions of Giants. As Author Wells Imagined, This Would Cause Much Embarrassment and Many Living Problems for People Who Retained Their Normal Stature.

On Right, Rats the Size of Ponies May Have a Doctor in One of the Episodes of "The Food of the Gods."



Nature Already Has Produced Giant Vegetation Without Any Help from Science, as Shown by This Eating Plant Which Has Captured a Mouse.

placed by something tremendous. Road coaches would have to be as big as factories and automobiles the size of ocean liners.

And then, when the world had been built over, what would happen to the exhausted fathers and mothers, and the uncles and aunts, of all this monstrous brood? It would be impossible for ordinary people, who would then be little people, to keep out from underneath, and they would have more trouble accommodating themselves to this big new world than Gulliver did in the land of the Brobdingnags.

Scientists who try the new plant elixir or other "giant makers" on animals will undoubtedly take every possible precaution to prevent any of it from being scattered around in the indiscriminately, as happened with the "boonfood." But if

any considerable quantity should be blown about by the wind, all sorts of distressing things might happen. Already there are carnivorous, or man-eating plants, such as the pitcher plant, which are big enough to devour small animals like the rat, and if some of this new elixir should get to them by accident, a plague of man-eating grass might result.

Any bigger people produced by the elixir would have bigger brains, of course, but that does not mean that their minds would be any better. The size of the brain has nothing to do with the quality of the mind. So what good would it be to use the elixir to grow a race of giants unless there was a corresponding increase in their brain power?

What coichicine does when it comes in contact with the living cells in the seeds of plants is double the number of chromosomes, the infinitesimal particles in the cells that govern growth and heredity. It is composed of chemicals that are much the same as those in the hormones, or glandular secretions in animal bodies, which also control growth and heredity.

Through these chemicals science may at last have a grip on the steering wheel of evolution and be able to produce at will almost any kind of species and what is more important, new species that will be able to reproduce themselves, at least one chemical that has an effect on the chromosomes.

Now animals sometimes are produced by cross-breeding like the mule, produced by crossing the horse with the donkey. The mule has some of the good points and also some of the faults of both. With a few generations of selective breeding, the mule might have been further improved until it was a much more valuable animal, except for one handicap: it cannot reproduce itself. But one of the most startling powers of this new elixir is that it gives fertility to infertile hybrids in the vegetable kingdom. Something may be found to do the same thing to animal hybrids such as the mule.

With this elixir, farmers may be able to produce bigger and better crops, and more meat, milk, butter and eggs. But this will also produce more unemployment, and besides it may take eternal vigilance to prevent poets from getting hold of the stuff and "improving" themselves into bigger and better bull werewolves and potato bugs.

In "The Food of the Gods," "boonfood" was only effective from birth until maturity, after which it had no value. There is no time restriction on the new plant elixir.

Among the surprising effects of the new elixir is that of causing an annual plant, blossoming only once a year, to be converted into a perennial, blossoming almost continuously. Presumably, tulips instead of shooting up like rockets in the spring and quickly shriveling, might be induced to keep on going like Roman candles all through the summer and until the fall frosts.

In his other writings, Mr. Wells is credited with having foreseen the possibilities that England might be starved into submission by a submarine campaign, long before this came painfully close to happening during the World War. He also wrote an imaginative description of the armored "tank" long before anybody had tried to invent one. And now it seems that his "boonfood" was another one of his fantastic projections which has come true.

CHRYSLER'S Two New Beauties!



(ABOVE) CHRYSLER Royal... MORE FOR
THE MONEY IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!
(RIGHT) CHRYSLER Imperial... PHENOMENAL
PERFORMANCE AT A REMARKABLE PRICE!

HIT OF THE SHOWS!

CHRYSLER'S TWO BEAUTIES... winning acclaim everywhere as Chrysler's greatest triumph! Surpassing the records of the 1937 Royal and Imperial... taking the spotlight at the auto shows... show after show... New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco. All over America, people are saying, "Here is Chrysler's biggest achievement."

CHRYSLER Royal... MORE POWER... LONGER WHEELBASE
THE BEAUTY of the low-priced field... that's the 1938 Chrysler Royal!

Look at the picture at the right above... that proud, high radiator... smart chromium grille... sleek headlamps mounted in the fenders.

Beneath that beauty... more for your money! More horsepower... a thrifty

Gold Seal engine increased to 95 horsepower. More length... wheelbase three inches longer than last year.

Inside the car... a new peak of luxury. An instrument panel that looks as if it stepped from a jeweler's window. A smart new wheel... with a new ring-type horn control. Superb upholstery fabrics... tailored with custom simplicity over deep, billowy cushions.

A world of room! 96½ inches from windshield to rear window. A 49 inch rear seat. A perfectly enormous trunk!

A matchless ride! The Airflow principle of weight distribution... plus independently sprung front wheels... plus Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

So finely built that experts state flatly that many parts are immune to measurable wear! Magnificently engineered... with Safety All-Steel Bodies... hydraulic brakes... new synchronized gear shifting... Automatic Overdrive as optional equipment.

Chrysler Royal... the new more-for-the-money car in the low-priced field... a car that's clearly the sensation of the year!

CHRYSLER Imperial... BIGGER ENGINE... 4 INCHES MORE WHEELBASE

A RAKISH, low-slung, split-second beauty... that's the Chrysler Imperial for 1938!

A thrilling motor car if ever there was one! Powered with a new bigger engine that's a Chrysler engineering masterpiece! 110 of the liveliest, fastest-stepping horse-

power ever put under a motor car hood.

125 inch wheelbase... four inches longer than last year... making possible that sweeping low-slung beauty... giving the roadability that comes from length and size.

A regal car... in all its appointments. Tailored with Bond Street finesse. Sized for real comfort. Fitted out in the best of good taste!

Engineered to take any road in its stride... with the advantage of long wheelbase... Airflow principle of balanced weight distribution... independently sprung front

wheels... Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers!

SAFE... with hydraulic brakes and Safety All-Steel Bodies. EASY HANDLING... with finger touch steering and synchronized gear shifting. THRILLING... with its dynamic response... Floating Power smoothness... and the option of Automatic Overdrive for effortless touring speeds.

"Phenomenal performance at a remarkable price"... that really under-describes the car! Get behind the wheel and indulge your sporting instinct!

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

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☆ NEW 1938 IMPERIAL... 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL... 130 horsepower, 144-inch wheelbase. Three body types.

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**BETTER Engineered!
... BETTER Made!**

A Smile School to Teach You to Be Happy

Grouchy at Breakfast? Husband and You Get on Each Other's Nerves? Thinking of Suicide? Prof. Palmai, Budapest Psychologist, Will Not Only Fit You, but Surround You With Just the Right Kind of Lips to Laugh Your Woes Away



A New Pupil Having Her Smile Scored by the Professor's Invention, the Smile Meter and Wax Models of Smiling Lips Held to the Subject's Face.

A BUDAPEST Nov. 13. "SMILE SCHOOL" has opened here where men and women are trained not only to smile constantly but, what is almost as important, to discard their "natural" smile and cultivate the one best suited to each face and personality. Good smiles are infectious, misfit ones have little or no effect on others but even the worst kind cheers up the smiler's own mind and makes him happy.

Pupils attend the school for various motives. At the Budapest Police Department's special suicide squad which keeps a pair of men stationed under each of the bridges across the Danube. These men have become so alert and expert that they save most of the jumpers and turn them over to Prof. Palmai who soon confirmed the police opinion that most suicides suffer from what he calls a "dark mind," a chronic condition that is really a disease in itself. He found that less than three out of each hundred had been in a situation sufficiently unbearable to make a normal-minded person admit to himself that he might have had life taking the jump under similar conditions.

Over 50% had no such convincing reasons but had become suicide-minded simply because of the habit of magnifying all the misuses and chores of life and refusing to admit that the happiness available was worth counting. The police had become so adept at fishing out "dark-minded" persons that they were defeating their own purpose. Men and women were beginning to shun Budapest's traditional bridge-jumping for other methods which the police could have to combat.

Professor Palmai happens to have an unusually infectious smile but discovered at once that this invariably infuriated the would-be suicides. Therefore in arguing with them, he was careful to keep his face as straight as any gun. One day after he had convinced himself that no amount of reasoning could change a "dark mind," he suddenly realized the reason why a smile threw such persons into rages. The "dark mind" hates the smile because it knows the smile is its enemy. At once he suspected that here was the cure and by experiment found that the smile works mechanically on the brain which, after all, is a machine, though a most complicated one. He was surprised that he had not thought of it before, considering that he was the emotion of fear pointing the way. In danger of death, fear normally spurs the person who feels it, to save his life by removing himself from the dangerous situation. But it has been proved that the fear sensation does not start in the mind. It starts in the organs, especially the violent pumping of the heart. This process can be got started and the reverberations reach

the mind before the emotion of fear is felt. In a recently compiled series of statements by persons who had had breath-thriller escapes from suicide, death all agreed that fear did not come until after the peril was over and there was no longer anything to be afraid of. The mind saves the organs but it is the organs that really scare the mind.

The smile seems to work much the same way. A happy, infectious smile makes the lips curl in a smile but Professor Palmai finds that keeping the lips in a forced smile, works backward, automatically tending to produce the frame of mind that belongs with a smile. Lighting up a "dark mind" by a forced smile is a case of the tail wagging the dog and often a long, difficult process.

To keep a gloomy person smiling indefinitely, takes a lot of suggestion. For this at first Palmai had the walls of the gloom victims' rooms covered with photographs of fetching smiles. It helped but it was not enough. The device which he found most effective, is a wax cast of a smile taped to the patient's face. The gloomy one is as conscious of all the time of this cast, as a dog is of a muzzle, reminding him constantly to look in the mirror where every time the shock of seeing himself apparently smiling, causes the lips to take on an imitation of the wax smile. Eventually the smile becomes a habit, the wax smile is no longer needed and the mental darkness begins to yield to the mechanical action of the cultivated real smile.

Most any sort of a condition of the lips that feels like a smile will do for getting a would-be suicide out of his bad mental habits but for business purposes and going along with a husband or wife, one must be more particular. The husband's smile is not only to get him into the right frame of mind but to be annoyed by his wife but also to infect her with the same feelings. Unfortunately some people's lip gymnastics look more like a snirk or a sneer and therefore bring no responsive smile.

To straighten out such facial misunderstandings, the founder and his assistants take careful measurements of each mouth with a gadget called a "smile-meter" to determine the proper size of the smile to fit the rest of the face. A big smile on a small countenance looks clownish and a small smile on a big face looks prim and prudish. A sculptor, with these measurements before him, then carves an ideal smile for that particular cast of features and personality. Age must be considered too. A woman approaching forty should turn in her kitchen debutante smile for a later model unless she wants to be laughed at.

A wax cast of the perfect smile is then taped to the face of husband or wife but, in their cases the purpose is



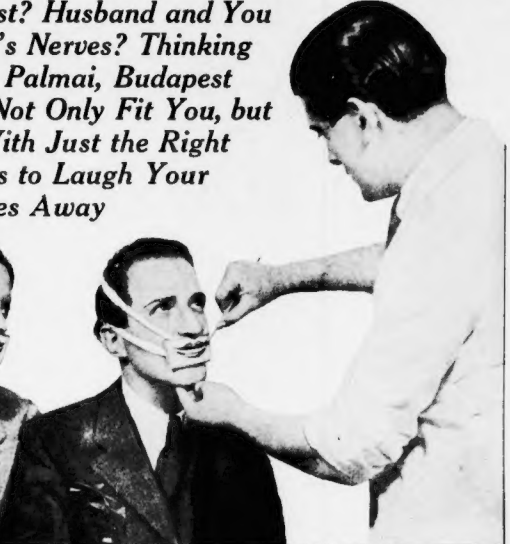
"Yet One May Smile and Be a Villain," as Shakespeare Said, and as the Old Melodramatists Knew—And Professor Palmai Found Out.

somewhat different from that of the suicide. This sort of smile pull, need only carry it until he has looked in the glass enough times to memorize it. After that he is able to do his lip practice from memory. With wives the start of the day is most important. Therefore it is arranged that when a wife opens her eyes in the morning she will see the bedroom walls covered with smile photographs and at the breakfast table and even in the kitchen, the four walls beam down at her like a dentist's showcase.

Wives are cross in the morning but husbands are that way in the evening when they come home from work. For their benefit the hall where they enter is adorned with broad grins and the smiling dining room again serves as a reminder to keep smiling, as it did for the wife in the morning.

Professional smiles are more difficult. The politician must have two varieties, one for close-ups such as newspaper pictures and handshaking, but another much wider and with more teeth showing, for platform work. Trickiest of all is the undertaker's very faint one, suggesting that the departed has gone to heaven and really there is not so bad as they might be. He must be careful not to slip into the Mona Lisa faintly-sardonic type which would be as unbecomingly as a clownish grin.

Women are the most apt pupils, usually needing only to be reminded that a smile enhances a woman's beauty whereas a frown wrecks it. Wives take indignation notice that husbands forget the attentiveness which lured their brides to the altar but do not realize that they have forgotten that anger



Married Couples Are Among the Most Interested Pupils and Are Taught to Cultivate Just the Right Expressions to Insure Cheer and Happiness at Home Instead of Scowls and Grouchiness. You Will Note the Effectiveness of the Smile If You Cover the Upper Parts of the Faces.



With the Help of Pictured Smiles, Married People Get Along Better. The Wife Changes Her Breakfast Scowl to a Cheerful Smile and the Husband Puts on His Best Expression, With a Bit of Practice, When He Returns Home After an Irritating Day at the Office.



Practicing a Selected Smile in Front of a Mirror After Having Picked the Right One from the Professor's Photographs.

smile which lured the man there. "One may smile and smile and be a villain," said Shakespeare, and Professor Palmai does not deny it. He says that though burglars, bandits and other rough types of criminals go scowling about their work, the confidence type of villain whose business is to mislead people, is invariably an expert smiler, because to fool all the people some of the time requires the most benign sort of smile. Only the most honest sort of person and one who has nothing to sell, can succeed with a frowning visage.

Though a smile wins many grown-up persons and all children because they have learned early that it is a good omen when seen on a parent's face, there are others who distrust a smile and have a prejudice against ready smilers. As William Blake has put it:

"There is a smile of Love,
And there is a smile of Deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which these two smiles meet."

Such a smile, no doubt, is loaded with

dynamite. Milton in Paradise Lost, speaks highly of the smile and at the close of the eighteenth century, Goethe published his novel, "The Sorrows of Young Werther," in which the hero, always steeped in melancholy, glooms his way through life and finally shoots himself without any tangible reason. Young men and women killed themselves by the score, merely from the bad impulse given by that one look, translated into many languages.

But some smiles have nothing to do with love, deceit or reason, and like that of the proverbial "grinning idiot," signify nothing at all. This is the type of smile that the Pope had in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

If smile schools become universal and all persons are trained to be perpetual smilers, under all circumstances, humanity will become conditioned against that expression, so that smiles will pass unnoticed because mothers will spank the baby with a smile. But even if a smiling policeman arrests a smiling murderer who is sent by a smiling judge and jury to a smiling executioner, all paid for by smiling tax-payers. Professor Palmai believes that the universal smile, though it becomes as noted as the pavement under one's feet still will serve a useful purpose by brightening up the minds of the smilers themselves and at least, prevent the majority of suicides.

The psychology department of the University of Graz, confirms Professor Palmai's theory that the suicidal temperament is not only a mental habit but often a fashion, appearing in his-

torily as waves of general pessimism followed usually by equally unreasoning waves of optimism.

At the close of the eighteenth century, Goethe published his novel, "The Sorrows of Young Werther," in which the hero, always steeped in melancholy, glooms his way through life and finally shoots himself without any tangible reason. Young men and women killed themselves by the score, merely from the bad impulse given by that one look, translated into many languages.

No matter how good looking, healthy and wealthy a person may be, if he once gets that "smile complex," no logic will shake it, and college boys and girls seem especially susceptible. One unusually intelligent college girl put her argument in favor of suicide as follows:

"What is the use of trying to be happy when all humanity is under a death sentence, and the Post we can hope is to put it off until old age. But the longer we put it off the further, sicker and humbler we get, in other words the more punishment we suffer before we die. So why not get it over with while I am still young, well and beautiful?"

Of course, she was stating facts, but most people can see the stupidity of refusing to accept the joys that lie along the road because the grave is at its end. Hungarians, especially natives of Budapest, are unusually subject to suicide waves. They are a volatile people, like the gypsy music they love, one moment rising to extravagant heights of gaiety followed by equally unreasonable depths of despondency.

On the gay days nothing happens and the blue ones would not be dangerous either if their normal mental level were not on such a gloomy plane that to sink much below it brings them to reach one of the badges and seized gun, knife or any other means at hand.

== FLASH...FROM CALLANDER, ONTARIO, CANADA==

Those Dionne Quins are thriving on Quaker Oats!

*Famous Sisters show Wonderful Gains
on Breakfast of Great Americans*



"THIS IS MY LATEST REPORT ON
THE DIONNE QUINS"

"WE ENTERTAINED ABOUT A MILLION VISITORS AT
CALLANDER THIS SEASON..."

"NEARLY EVERYONE WHO COMES TO
DAFOE HOSPITAL WANTS TO KNOW HOW
MUCH THE DIONNE QUINS WEIGH...
WHETHER THEIR GROWTH IS NORMAL..."

"SINCE THEIR SEVENTH MONTH, I'VE SEEN TO IT
THAT THE DIONNE QUINS HAVE QUAKER
OATS... THEIR GAINS IN WEIGHT ARE
MORE THAN SATISFACTORY..."



BREAKFAST OF GREAT AMERICANS

QUICK
MOTHER'S OATS
QUAKER OATS

ROY CHAPMAN ANDRUS
Great American Olympian

HELEN STEPHENS
Great American Olympian

L. L. GRITTON
Great American Football Player

BOB HARRNESS
Great American Football Player

WILEY POSTHORN
Great American All-Star

WILEY POSTHORN
Great American All-Star

Visit your Grocer's HARVEST OF HEALTH SALE

• This week, grocers are featuring special prices on vitamin-rich foods as part of a great NATIONAL HARVEST OF HEALTH SALE!

Take advantage of this timely sale to stock up on these vital foods.

Foremost in the HARVEST OF HEALTH SALE is QUAKER OATS, the warm, tasty breakfast that Nature enriches with Vitamin B to BRACE UP NERVES AND DIGESTION!

Here's the breakfast your family needs, especially at this time of the year. It starts their day on the vital side!

Youngsters in school, grown-ups at work, all seem to perk up, get a quicker start from the friendly lift in this warm,

nourishing breakfast, so rich in flavor.

Yet Quaker Oats—mainstay of millions—is the biggest breakfast bargain ever! Here's fine food energy, for only ½ cent a serving!

And each portion gives young and old the extra protection of Nature's Vitamin B—the precious vitamin that everyone needs every day to keep nerves and digestion in working order.

Try this wonderful breakfast two weeks. There's no other breakfast—no other oatmeal—like genuine Quaker.

Many stores are offering two packages at a special price during the HARVEST OF HEALTH SALE. So order QUAKER OATS by name.

QUAKER OATS BRACES UP NERVES & DIGESTION

With Nature's Vitamin B

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

Why Forbidden Fruit Is Sweetest

Professor Laird Explains the Lure of Other Men's Wives
and Other Women's Husbands, Just What Causes
Some Ministers' Children to Kick Over the
Traces, and Why Almost Everybody Wants to
Do What They Really Shouldn't



A Quaint 17th Century Print Entitled "Temptation," Showing the Devil Aiding and Abetting an Enamored Woman Whose Intentions Are Not Strictly Honorable

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph. D., Sc. D.
Director, College University Psychological Laboratories, Hamilton, N. Y.
I trust prohibition is no fool's Fort. It is not a fool's game.

It is a fact that almost all of us are attracted to the forbidden. We are drawn to what we are told is off-limits. This is true of children, of adults, of the most virtuous and the most depraved. The forbidden is the sweetest. It is the lure of the forbidden that has led to so much of the world's trouble. It is the lure of the forbidden that has led to the downfall of so many great men and women. It is the lure of the forbidden that has led to the destruction of so many great nations.

The lure of the forbidden is a powerful force. It is a force that has led to the downfall of so many great men and women. It is a force that has led to the destruction of so many great nations. It is a force that has led to the ruin of so many great souls. It is a force that has led to the loss of so much of the world's happiness. It is a force that has led to the creation of so much of the world's misery. It is a force that has led to the destruction of so much of the world's beauty. It is a force that has led to the loss of so much of the world's peace.

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A Minister's Daughter, Norma Miller, Who Married a Koller Gangster, and Whose Forbidden Fruit Turned Bitter, as It Invariably Does

During the Prohibition Era, Sinners Became Heretics, Bredding Whiskey Tired People from Every Walk of Life to Low Spookies and Poisoned Thousands of Them



A Minister's Daughter, Norma Miller, Who Married a Koller Gangster, and Whose Forbidden Fruit Turned Bitter, as It Invariably Does



In This Old Painting of Eve's Temptation by Satan in the Form of a Serpent Is Interpreted the Psychology of Curiosity and the Appetite for Knowledge, Possession, Functions or Experiences Prohibited by Conscience and Because of That All the More Desirable. Yet Usually as Disastrous as It Proved in the Garden of Eden

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if you want
the best doughnuts-

[illegible][illegible]

WINNING HAND is invariably field 1. The hostess who, with planning and forethought, lays in a supply of delicacies for her guests. She serves them with cheer to all a truly well-served party. She serves them with clear golden color to each guest. She buys plain and fancy delicacies. She buys only those that bear the Seal of Tested Quality.

BAKERS AND DEALERS: The "Secret of Tested Quality" is the public's quickest-surest guide to good doughnuts. Get particulars of the profitable plan that enables you to sell doughnuts by *iroughthis Seal!* The Doughnut Corporation of America, 170 Broadway, New York City. (In Canada) Canadian Doughnut Co., Ltd., Terminal Building, Toronto.

Send This Coupon for FREE DOLLAR FOLDER
Get acquainted with new and novel ways of serving doughnuts. This coupon brings you clever doughnut recipe folder absolutely free.
Doughnut Corporation of America, Dept. 110,
1170 Broadway, New York City
I'll take a doughnut recipe folder, please.

Address

**None But the Best Doughnuts Bear
the "Seal of Tested Quality"**

C...
N...
...
...
...
...

New stressors can threaten to make your own estimates too noisy. No index is 100% accurate or enough to capture the complexity of your case. All you can do is look to the "So What?" test. Quality of data is always played where the need for data is the most.

The Seal tells the story of Greek legends
blended to a formula that never



ON BAGS 2



ON 6011



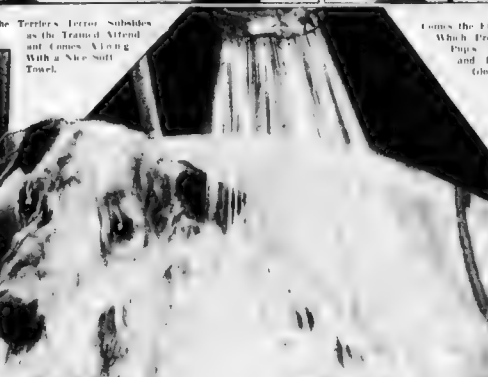
ON TRAYS Look for the **SECRET** word in the first column and the **SECRET** word in the second column.

***Prettiness and Preening for
Pampered Pups That Need a
Bath (Sun or Tub) Manicure
or a Whisker Trimming
Now Available to Pet-Owning
Department Store Customers
as They Shop***

*Prettiness and Preening for
Pampered Pups That Need a
Bath (Sun or Tub) Manicure
or a Whisker Trimming
Now Available to Pet-Owning
Department Store Customers
as They Shop*



Comes the Electric Hot Air Drier
Which Promptly Removes the
Foggy Eastern Appearance
and Brings a Salesman
Before a Customer.



WetSet Hot Air Drier
Length Removes the
Embarrassing
Brings a Satisfying
of Comfort

Nevertheless, Terry, being a well-bred dog, refrains from biting him in the leg although he feels inclined to do so. He doesn't like the way the man says over and over again: "I assure you."

each wearing, has now been placed under a mechanical dryer, completing the drying which the attendant started with the towel. He has regained his dignity somewhat but is very suspicious.

12 30 P M Time out for lunch and a bit of a nap. Terry hopes that his

clean and shiny. Wonder if the lady dogs also have their nails stained in the latest fashionable colors? Well, this is one indignity that Terry has at least been spared.

in order. Under the direction of a competent veterinarian this will cost Terry's owner back exactly \$50.00. She may decide to invest a bit more than that in a treadmill type rubber

must have spent as much money on
 it as she did. A number of
 people who saw the car were
 told that probably is
 the car.

164

Next on the Program Is the Trimming of Terry's Whiskers
by the Canine Barber Whom Terry Doesn't Exactly Trust.

THE TOPIC MATTER is the subject of the first chapter, dealing with the way in which the subject is being treated in the text. A variety of factors are taken into account, such as the nature of the problem, the nature of the data, the nature of the expression, and the nature of the text. At Ye Dugge's Beauty Shoppe, I am looking from the expression on Jerry's face at this point if there is any possibility of both conditions being true, possibly

14. P. M. More for *housework*. Now a manicurist is going over Terry's paws, making sure that they are short, clean and shiny. Wonder if the lady dogs also have their nails stained in the latest fashionable colors? Well, this is one indignity that Terry has at least been spared.

[illegible]

latest anti-halitosis preparation on especially manufactured canines, Terry's mistress may spend as much money on her teeth as she does on her hair. According to a friend, the \$100,000 was spent by her over the last year, that probably is partly.

**Secrets of the Famous Gambling Den, Tricks of Thieving Crooks,
Daring Schemes to "Break the Bank," Revenge of Ruined Players,
Scandals and Suicides Revealed by Baron Charles de Sade
Richter, Former Member of the Casino Staff**



CHAPTER VII.
By BARON CHARLES DE RICHTER.
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

The role of the ambulating sp was more subtle, but from the Casir



And here is another
have never been able to
of a warship

"A man seated at a table was standing drew out a pistol in the air. The table was grabbed a handful of confusion. This led to old Francois Blanc; first pier's money drawer, so the bottom would slip



marvelous tale which I check up about the captain

notes he got away in the a couple of innovations by t, a tunnel from the crou- that by pressing a button way and the money would



lowest frequency. And second, the most critical of the sector's problems. Monetary policy.

A second wave of strikes followed in 1981. But, tired of strikes, the federal government threatened to sue the Maritime Union of Canada (MUC) for breach of contract. The union's president, John G. Bennett, said that the union would not sue the government. He said that the union would not sue the government for breach of contract. He said that the union would not sue the government for breach of contract.

man was stopped in the
shoot, he himself. Old
going by it the time and
ed up to the unfortunate
as face

...man if you wish to
and do not sit here
discouraged the sale of
books, and in envelopes
of Monte Carlo. Trust
is of 100,000 francs with
from five to 1,000 francs
firmness of the "system."
isimo stood behind some
ere put out by his hargne
arning a little money. In
currencies somebody was
50,000 franc check in one
and won. It is easy to im
and the sale of these en
er 1" had passed when
as still fresh. She only
ations of four, hence her
woman, always dressed
s covered with a heavy
eyes brilliant with bella
out the salons, watching
who might be sitting
rans
... would speak to the
his disaster, declare that
he had a "system." She
n, and would return fr
a few hundred franc

Parlo croupiers, layers,



Camille Blane, Who Developed and Made Monte Carlo Famous the World Over.

"Belhori gathered together half a dozen friends and garbed them in long white shrouds, with holes cut out for the eyes and great black crosses painted in front. At four o'clock, when the square before the Casino was crowded with promenaders, a closed carriage arrived, driven by Belhori himself in the somber habit of an undertaker, and stopped before the Casino. Six ghastly figures in white came out and started to circle about the square in single file, led by Belhori, all singing a *De Profundis* for those who were victims of roulette."

ward of Monte Carlo, representing victims of bats. Discussing What Had Happened to Them.

When she started to lose, she refused to give up. She was determined to win. She would chatter along, saying that of course, with more capital she could win bigger sums. As most men in the casino, she usually offered her money. These she usually refused, explaining that she had played enough. But she would wait until the following day. She had a reputation for being a "system" player.

Blane was always pleased to see patrons playing a "system." That is, they were sure to win. He gave them every encouragement. He knew the tables would strip them of every franc.

I have already spoken of the envelopes in which simple "systems" were elaborated. There exists also a serious literature on the subject, usually books written by men who had gambled and lost. Here again enters the peculiar psychology of the gambler, for it should seem quite evident that any regressor of a winning "system" need not publish a book about it; but would spend his time accumulating the fortune it assured him. But gamblers apparently do not reason, and these books, sold right at the doors of the Casino, are much in demand. A casual player may make a lucky strike, but the man who believes he has a "system" is certain to lose. That is why the Casino likes players with "systems."

One of the more famous figures around the Casino was Colonel S., a retired army officer and a curious story is told about him. When he was 60 years old he caught the roulette fever and de-

veloped a "system." A "system" is a sequence of numbers, which will always win. The theory is that such a system can be devised based on the idea that certain numbers appear more often than others. In order to know what numbers will appear, one must know the "system" which the Casino would have had to know how the numbers had been running for many years.

Since the odds of the winning numbers are not kept it is impossible to organize a system without patiently collecting the numbers. The Colonel knew this but at that time four African natives appeared in Monte Carlo who had once served under him in a regiment of Zouaves in French West Africa. The Colonel told them about his system and the untold wealth it would bring them. The four ex-Zouaves agreed to help him.

The Colonel rented a house near Monte Carlo and the five men stayed there month after month working fifteen hours a day at a roulette wheel tabulating numbers. At the end of the time the Colonel said his system was complete. According to his figures he should have been able to win 15,000,000 francs in five days.

The Colonel and his regiment of four returned to the Casino in military style. The Zouaves were dressed in their colorful uniforms and stood behind the old soldier's chair at the roulette table while he made the bets. He steadily lost and at the end of the week he was nearly bankrupt.

He returned to his house and spent another period checking over his system with his Zouaves. At last he found where he had made a mistake. According to his revised figures the number 13 would win at 5:25 p. m. on August 13.

The small army went back to the Casino on August 13. In full military dress they marched into the roulette salon. As the Colonel was about to call "attention" to his bodyguard, he had an apoplectic stroke and fell dead in their arms. The winning number 13 had actually appeared at exactly 5:25 that afternoon it was said. It may have been a coincidence or the Colonel may have discovered an infallible "system." No one will ever know, for the key to the Colonel's long

game was the "system" which the Casino would have had to know how the numbers had been running for many years. The Colonel knew this but at that time four African natives appeared in Monte Carlo who had once served under him in a regiment of Zouaves in French West Africa. The Colonel told them about his system and the untold wealth it would bring them. The four ex-Zouaves agreed to help him.

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FOR A 5 STAR THANKSGIVING FEAST



CRIMSON FLURE—With appetizing creaminess, Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup, grand mother knows that Thanksgiving dinner will be a feast for the eye, the palate and the soul. And every dish be made a masterpiece! Made from perfect specimens of the Heinz Anchostrat tomato, each sip of this rich, creamy soup is as full of vine-fresh flavor as the best tomato soup you ever tasted! Because it's made the Heinz way! Essence of vine tomatoes is locked in all dishes by Heinz chefs. Blended with cream that's richer than whipping cream, seasoned with spices from the Garden of Eatin', it's the Heinz own special blend. Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is the heart and head of the feast!



WORTH SAVING SPACE FOR,

HEINZ MINCED MEAT
A delicious, economical
ingredient for many
dishes. Ready to
serve.



MASTER OF SALADS

Heinz salad dressings are
the perfect accompaniment
for any salad. They are
made with the finest
ingredients and are
ready to serve.



GOOD TO LOOK AT—better to eat! Heinz Jellies are made only from the finest fruit and are so delicious that you'll want to eat them every day. They are also a convenient source of Vitamin C.



BLAZE OF GLORY—climax of the feast is the triumph entry of the Thanksgiving turkey. The most delicious turkey is the one that's cooked in the Heinz way. Heinz Turkey is made from the finest specimens of the Heinz Anchostrat turkey, seasoned with spices from the Garden of Eatin', and is the Heinz own special blend. Heinz Turkey is the heart and head of the feast!



HE DIDN'T COME OVER in the Mayflower! But his Heinz Anchostrat tomato leaves the grandest pedigree in the vegetable kingdom! He traces ancestry through generations of fine seedlings carefully cultivated by Heinz experts. He's a wonder, distinguished, honest, welcome, his rich, vine-fresh flavor, in seven Heinz products, including Heinz Anchostrat Cream of Tomato Soup, Heinz Thin Sliced Heinz Tomatoes, and Heinz Tomato Ketchup, world's largest variety.

BOON TO BUSY COOKS—Heinz Anchostrat tomato leaves the grandest pedigree in the vegetable kingdom! He traces ancestry through generations of fine seedlings carefully cultivated by Heinz experts. He's a wonder, distinguished, honest, welcome, his rich, vine-fresh flavor, in seven Heinz products, including Heinz Anchostrat Cream of Tomato Soup, Heinz Thin Sliced Heinz Tomatoes, and Heinz Tomato Ketchup, world's largest variety.

*Don't be a
Tissue-Fumbler!*

BUY KLEENEX*

IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

it Saves as it Serves—just one double tissue at a time!



*Pull a
double tissue*



*Next one pops up
ready for use*

Only Kleenex has it!

200 SHEET KLEENEX IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX **2 for 25¢**
... the Handy Size for every room and for your car ...

New! Kleenex Lipstick Tissues
for handbag and dressing table

Smart women everywhere welcome these new Kleenex Lipstick Tissues! Actually, they are indispensable for shaping and blotting lipstick. Just imagine! ... no more stains on hankies and gloves. You'll also want them to blend your rouge and eye-shadow; to wipe away mascara, to remove nail polish, and excess make-up. Each dainty folder adds a note of good taste to your handbag, dressing table and guest bathroom. And the Cellophane-wrapped package of 12 makes an attractive party favor.

12 PACKS ... 25c



• Nothing can compare with this Kleenex Serv-A-Tissue box that ends waste and mess—saves time, trouble, tissues! You pull just one double tissue easily, quickly, *with only one hand* and another pops up ready for use! Late's too short to tumble with clumsy boxes ... to tolerate inferior tissues.

Got a Cold? ... Get the Kleenex Habit!

Kleenex Disposable Tissues are soft, gentle, non-irritating; save your nose during colds and save money. Cost less than laundering; reduce handkerchief washing. What's more, Kleenex tends to hold germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Use each tissue once, then destroy—germs and all!

At least 100 other important uses!

Of course you'll want Kleenex to remove face creams and cosmetics ... it's more thorough; saves towels from make-up

stains. Comes in handy to dust and polish; to clean eye glasses; to wipe ash trays; to dry razor blades, as a kitchen help. And for baby. Kleenex Disposable Tissues are perfect as a handkerchief, as a napkin, or as a bib to prevent colic liver oil stains on clothing; to pat on powder and ointments; and as a super-soft, super-absorbent toilet tissue.

That's only the beginning of dozens of uses for Kleenex Disposable Tissues. Decide right now to keep this handy size Kleenex Serv-A-Tissue box in every room in your home—one in the car—another at the office! Buy your supply *now* at your favorite drug counter!

**KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE
TISSUES**

ALL 200 SHEET KLEENEX NOW ON SALE IS PACKED IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

20 v₁ [0.7, 0.8] Amplitude [0.05, 0.1] Phase [0.0, 0.2] Extra Parameters [0.0, 1.0] Noise [0.0, 0.1]

IT SHOUTS ITS EXTRAS

THIS

Glorified

STEEL BODY BY FISHER



You simply can't miss it—the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher. Your eyes single it out on the road, admire it, follow it until it fades away in the traffic.

For here is beauty in steel, style in steel—ultra-smartness in every flowing line and graceful curve from gently arched top to sweeping fender.



And, in a "close-up," this glorified steel body is even more impressive.

The doors swing wide and free, close with a solid thud, and as you step inside, you instantly sense a feeling of roominess that becomes a fact as you sink down in a deep, restful, extra-wide seat and stretch out your legs in comfort.



The floor is low, and overhead there's room to spare. Luxury and good taste are all around you. The fabrics are smart and trimly tailored; the interior fittings, distinctive.



You discover that you are the master of the weather—any kind of weather. Rain cannot touch you, drafts never reach you with Fisher No Draft Ventilation providing healthful fresh air all the year round. You find, too, that heat and cold and noise are old bugaboos you've left behind—thanks to effective insulation.



You ride relaxed—for you know you enjoy complete protection, enclosed as you are in this solid Unisteel Turret Top Body. There's steel overhead and underfoot, steel on all four sides of you. And it's steel that's fused to steel throughout—forming a sturdy, solid steel unit that's weave-proof, shock-proof, wonderfully secure. And of course there's safety plate glass all around!



And here's the best news, the most surprising news of all. You need pay no premium for all these striking advantages. You can have all this style, all this comfort, all this safety in a car that's priced to fit your pocketbook. For you get all these glorified advantages in any of the new General Motors cars. But don't look for them elsewhere, for only General Motors cars have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

IT'S PONTIAC they're talking about when they say, "The Most Beautiful Thing On Wheels. Team Out-values Them All"—and the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher helps make it so worthy of such praise.



You Get All This 1938 Safety, Comfort and Style Only in BODY by FISHER

1. All windows give improved visibility.
2. New styling provides more room for greater comfort.
3. Saftisol floor protects against exhaust fumes.
4. Improved No Draft Ventilation with safety plate glass all around.
5. Giant luggage compartments have easy-to-open lid lifts.
6. Wider seats and larger door openings add to comfort.
7. Turret Top assures extra safety and durability.
8. Two-way adjustable front seat has soft roll top—designed for interior safety.
9. Famous Fisher interior styling, upholstery and fittings.
10. Unisteel construction throughout—all steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise.



Body by Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

By Ion L. Idriess



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WEST OF ROCKY MTS.

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Scholl's Zin

o-pads



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WEST OF ROCKY MTS.

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Scholl's Zin

o-pads

page

THE *Friendly Schenley* SPIRIT

One Of A Series Showing Man's Friendliness To Man . . . Presented In A Spirit Of Friendliness . . . By Schenley's RED LABEL . . . The Friendlier Tasting Whiskey.

IN *Plymouth Colony*... IT'S A FEAST!



In 1621, the first Thanksgiving feast was held at Corn Hill, Cape Cod, Mass. Indians known as the "Massachusetts", brought maize or corn to the Pilgrim celebration as a token of friendliness. This year, friendly hosts will bring good cheer to many Thanksgiving feasts by serving Schenley's friendlier tasting RED LABEL.

IN *America*... IT'S SCHENLEY'S "RED LABEL"

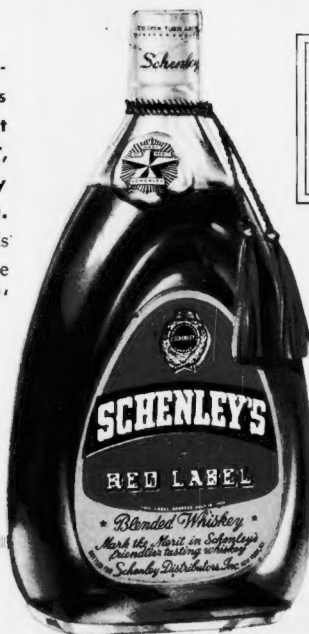
Here's why Schenley's RED LABEL is friendlier to your taste. It's **MELDED**...Schenley's exclusive method of blending its choicest stocks simultaneously under **HEAT, PRESSURE and AGITATION**. That is why Schenley's RED LABEL is **super-smooth**. That's why you'll feel friendly toward this friendlier tasting whiskey. That's why the trend's to Schenley's "RED LABEL."



Mark the Merit in these Schenley "Mark of Merit" Whiskies.



Schenley's **BLACK LABEL**... richer, mellower whiskey for special occasions and the honored guest.



A FRIENDLY TOAST BY THE *Schenley* HOST

Here's to Thanksgiving, America's feast . . .
The day every year when the menu's increased;
Here's to good food, and a well-laden table . . .
A friendly repast . . . topped with Schenley's "RED LABEL"



Schenley's **RED LABEL**... milder, more palatable whiskey that you'll find friendlier to your taste.

Schenley's
Red Label

FRIENDLIER TO YOUR TASTE

Friendly
Blended Whiskey

Copyright 1937 J. & F. Schenley, Inc. SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL BLENDED WHISKY. The straight whiskeys in this product are 25% years or more old, 30% straight whiskey, 30% neutral spirits distilled from American grains, 24% straight whiskey 2 1/2 years old, 6% straight whiskey 5 years old. SCHENLEY'S BLACK LABEL BLENDED WHISKY. The straight whiskeys in this product are 25% years or more old, 40% straight whiskey, 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains, 25% straight whiskey 2 1/2 years old, 5% straight whiskey 5 years old, 10% straight whiskey 6 years old. Both 90 proof.

AGAIN NORGE

*is first choice
for Christmas*



NEW ROLLATOR REFRIGERATORS

*Give you more storage space
WITH 12 FLEXIBLE
INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS*

Norge gives you more storage space, through the most flexible—the most usable—interior shelf arrangements. This means you can store more food more conveniently in a Norge. Most Deluxe and Low-Temp models have 12 different variations of shelf and utility basket placement. You can change from one to another instantly to accommodate tall bottles, bulky roasts, extra large dishes. See for yourself—ask your dealer for a demonstration.

To see to see the New Norge Low-Temp Rollator Refrigerator and learn how its lower temperatures and higher humidity keep many foods *Prime Fresh* from 2 to 5 times longer. Current costs are no greater than for ordinary refrigeration.

NEW CONCENTRATOR RANGES

*Personalized to fit your
kitchen and fit your purse*

From a wide choice of models, colors and equipment, Norge offers you exactly the range you have always wished for. New, improved oven controls and top burners make the new Concentrator ranges even more efficient—even more economical.

Many years of experience in building fine cooking equipment are behind the advanced convenience features Norge engineers have developed for these new ranges. You'll be an even better cook if you prepare your meals on a Norge Concentrator Range.

NEW AUTOBUILT WASHERS AND DUOTROL IRONERS

*For quicker laundering
at greater savings*

Get a Norge washer and forget wash day worries. You'll get cleaner, whiter clothes. The super-safe wringer will amaze you with its easy operation. The famous Autobuilt transmission, permanently sealed-in-oil, is standard on all models. The motor is lifetime-lubricated.

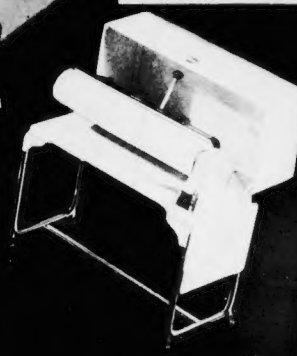
Special features of the Norge ironer make ironing easier and cut costs. Heat trap dome saves current—makes operation cooler. Knee control is adjustable for either knee. Invest now in Norge home laundry equipment for low cost washing for years and years to come.

*Now in effect
Special Holiday Terms**



It's easier to buy a Norge now than at any other time in the year! A small down payment delivers any Norge appliance at once. You pay no more until March 1st, at which time you begin the small monthly payments amounting to only a few cents a day. Get your Norge now and enjoy its convenience and use-savings during the busy holidays.

*Available through Commercial Credit Companies



...a roller rolls AND THERE'S ICE!
Norge is the only refrigerator with the surplus-powered ROLLATOR that makes cold by revolving slowly in a permanent bath of oil... That's why only the Rollator cold-making mechanism... the Norge compression unit... carries a 10-Year Warranty.
(The Rollator Compressor has but 3 slowly moving parts) 
NORGE DIVISION Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

SEE YOUR NEAREST NORGE DEALER
GENERAL EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

NEW ENGLAND DISTRIBUTORS: BOSTON • PROVIDENCE • PORTLAND